

PIONEER

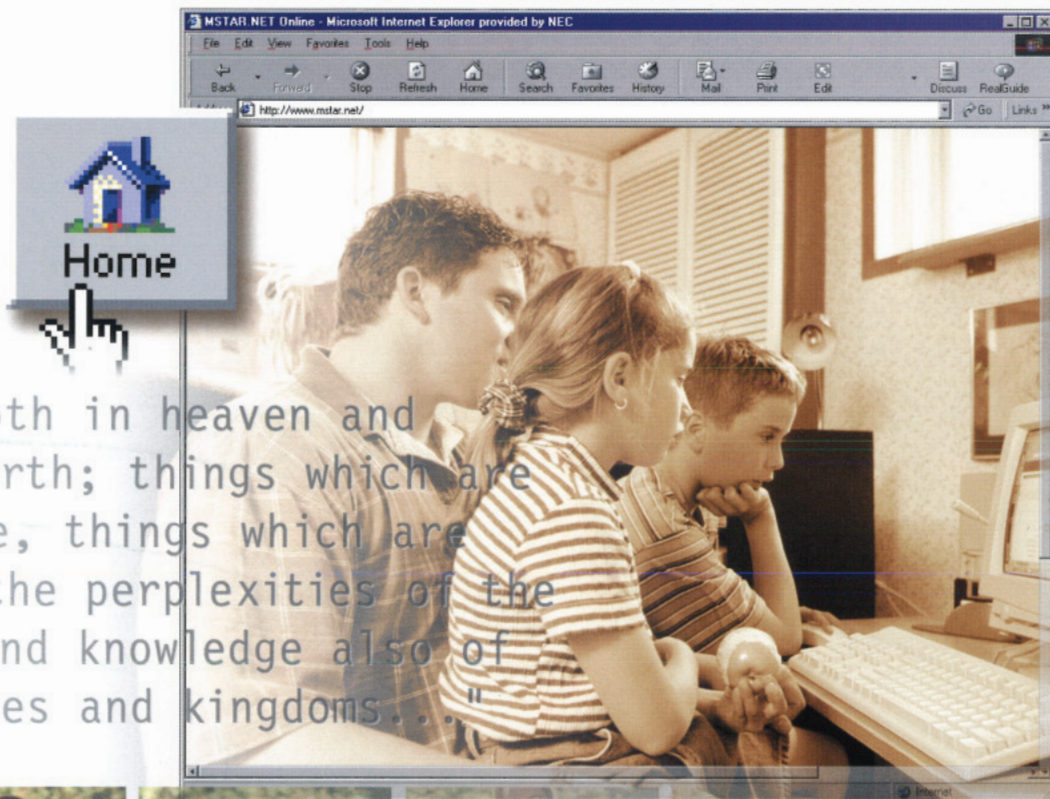
Winter 2000



A HOMEMADE CHRISTMAS, P. 4

Published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers

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of things both in heaven and
in the earth; things which are
at home, things which are
broad; and the perplexities of the
nations; and knowledge also of
countries and kingdoms..."



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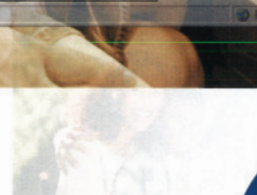
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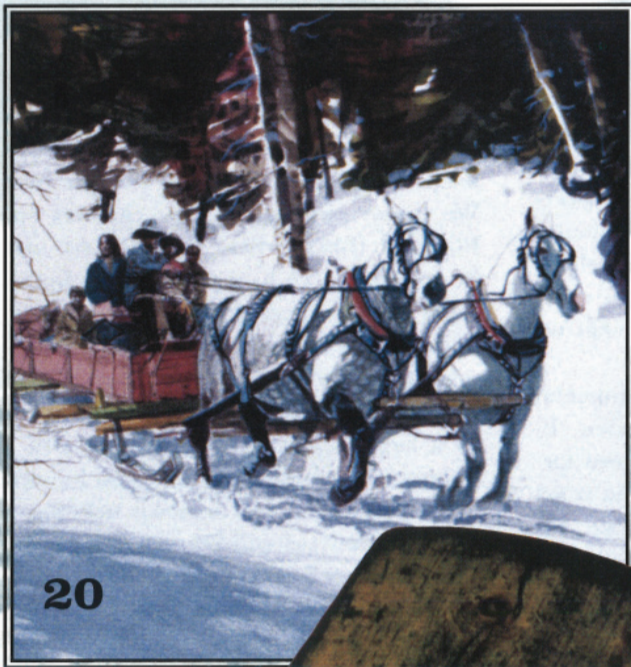
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PIONEER

Winter 2000



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COVER ART: Ice Skaters
by Danquart Anton Weggeland, oil on canvas, 1867,
courtesy Museum of Church History and Art.

*Published by the
Sons of
Utah Pioneers*

Home for Christmas

By Dr. Ray Barton, Jr.

SUP members have cleaned up pioneer cemeteries, dedicated historic sites, and erected monuments of great significance.

Recently as I sat in the huge new LDS Conference Center during general conference, my mind spanned back to another time when pioneers met to worship in primitive meetinghouses and under adverse circumstances. I realized how far we have come in a relatively short time and what a profusion of blessings we modern pioneers enjoy.

Then a wonderful and sentimental moment arrived. President Gordon B. Hinckley was at the pulpit. He leaned forward and stroked the beautiful walnut wood of the pulpit behind which he spoke. He emotionally related how, as a young married man, he had planted the seed from which the walnut tree had grown. He told the story of watering and nurturing and raising it to maturity. After many years, the great tree died. The tree had to be cut down, but an inspired wood worker envisioned a pulpit. Today we can see that pulpit and rejoice in the renewed life of hope and inspiration that it offers.

Today we modern pioneers are the recipients of so many and so much that was planned and planted by our forebears. We have so much for which to be thankful. Now it is our turn. Many and great are the opportunities to leave something that will be a sentimental focus, not unlike that great walnut pulpit.

Recent research indicates that the most valuable family time in the home is the family dinner hour. Many things are crowding that special time out. We have to plan and work and insist on maintaining important family customs. Our pioneer magazine is a choice source of pioneer stories and history to

help youth and adults unite in family feeling and values.

Now, let me say that I have enjoyed being your national president during this millennium year. We have seen an increase in membership, especially among younger men. We have welcomed new chapters in Blackfoot (Idaho), Bear Lake (Utah), and Beaver (Utah). We have planted seeds in Las Vegas (Nevada) and other areas. Our *Pioneer Magazine* has emerged as a classical publication that is uplifting and educational.

At national headquarters we have erected a large flagpole and crowned it with a beautiful American flag, which can be seen for miles around. Our national trek was a success; next year will be even better. The sunrise service in the Tabernacle kicked off the "Days of '47" events, including the parade, which was watched by 200,000 people who lined the streets of Salt Lake City and many more who watched on television.

SUP members have cleaned up pioneer cemeteries, dedicated historic sites, and erected monuments of great significance, including Tooele, Utah, and the This is the Place State Park in Utah. We rejoice in the Iron Town Mine restoration effort west of Cedar City.

We have rendered service and improved our communities. We had one of our best years in terms of the scholarship program, awarding \$30,000 to many wonderful youth recipients. The SUP library located at national headquarters is a valuable resource to these young people.

Many of our fine members and their wives have been called to serve on missions in various parts of the world, thus carrying forth the gospel message of the glorious restoration and renewing faith with their pioneer forebears.

I give tribute to all of the national and chapter officers, without whose invaluable help this great organization could not have achieved so nobly. As our continuing gift to home and the community, we must strengthen our families in basic values and leave a legacy that, like the pulpit from the old walnut tree, retains luster and value and imparts inspiration for generations to come.



Ray Barton, Jr.

Gifts of Love

By Mary A. Johnson

It was a bit colder than usual that November of 1932. In fact, if my memory serves me right, a few flakes of snow even fell, and snow was almost unheard of in Bunkerville, Nevada.

While the snow and cold weather were treats for children, they brought problems for many. Croup and pneumonia swept through the town, and with the nearest medical facility 50 miles away, the ill were treated with pioneer medications and prayer. Although the pioneer era had long passed, we were still forced by circumstances to live like pioneers in many ways.

My family, however, was looking forward with anticipation to a special happening. Mother would soon give birth to her ninth child, and we seven living children were always excited to have a new baby in our home.

November 23 arrived, and so did our new baby brother. He was so healthy! And, as mother said, "He's one of the most beautiful babies ever born!" But he didn't have a chance to remain healthy in our household. Father was in bed with pneumonia and so was my eldest sister, and most of the rest of us had croup. And so it was that this beautiful, healthy baby brother also contracted pneumonia and died on December 14, leaving us heartbroken.

Christmas was just 11 days away, and with so much sickness and so little money, we hadn't expected many presents. But now it was hard to even feel excited. Our home was so sad. However, my parents weren't the type to let trials interfere with making a happy home. With courage and determination, they looked forward to the holidays, carefully

planning something special for each child.

The Christmas party at the church on Christmas Eve, with the dancing around the big Christmas tree in the center of the cultural hall and the singing of carols and the retelling of the first Christmas story, was the perfect medication for our sadness, and we went home with the Christmas spirit burning brightly in our hearts.

Just as we were getting ready to go to bed, Santa Claus came knocking on the window to tell us to hurry and get to bed so he could come back to bring us gifts. After his warning, we could hear his string of bells ringing as he bounced off to the next house. We quickly bounced off to bed!

As we slipped into the living room on Christmas morning, the pungent pine log burning in the fireplace welcomed us and we warmed our bodies while peeking over our shoulders to see if we could spy any gifts under the tree.

"Oh, look, can that be for me? How can it be?" I thought as I ran to the tree and the little cupboard standing by it to see if my name could be on it. Yes, yes! It was for me! And there were china dishes in it, too! Exactly what I'd dreamed of—a little china cupboard like the big one in Mother's dining room. Then my eyes were drawn to the new dress hanging nearby, which also had my name on it. I almost shouted, "There's a new dress for me, too!"

Of course, Father made the cupboard, and Mother made the dress. Where they found the time and energy to do such things under such difficult circumstances I'll never know, but I'm sure love and desire made it all possible.

I'm so grateful for my parents and the heritage they passed on to me. I'm grateful for the Christmas spirit of that special day and the other Christmases in our home. I can't remember an unhappy Christmas, although each one was different. Christmas in Bunkerville was the best time of year!

*It isn't the size of the gift we count
Nor money spent, whatever the amount
But it's the love with which the gift
is given
That spirit of love sent down
from Heaven.*

PIONEER

Winter 2000

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MISSION STATEMENT

The National Society of Sons of Utah Pioneers honors early and modern-day pioneers, both young and older, for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work, service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity, and unyielding determination. Pioneer Magazine supports the mission of the Society.



A Homemade

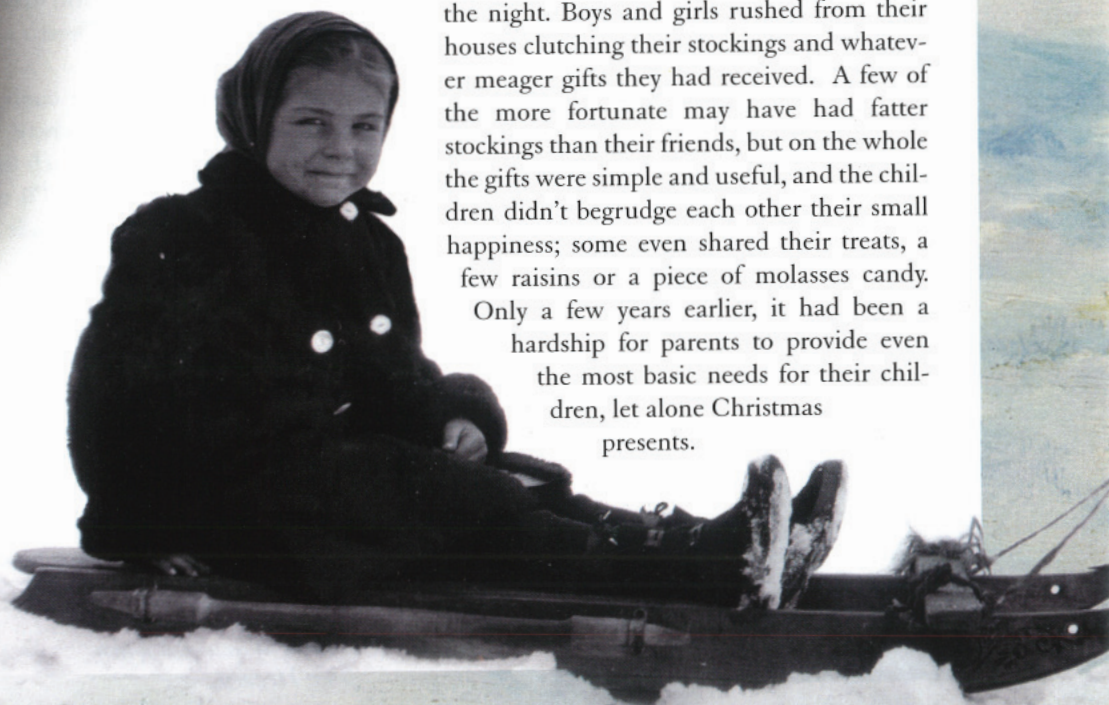
By Shirley Hatfield

*The
sweet
simplicity
of a pioneer
Christmas.*

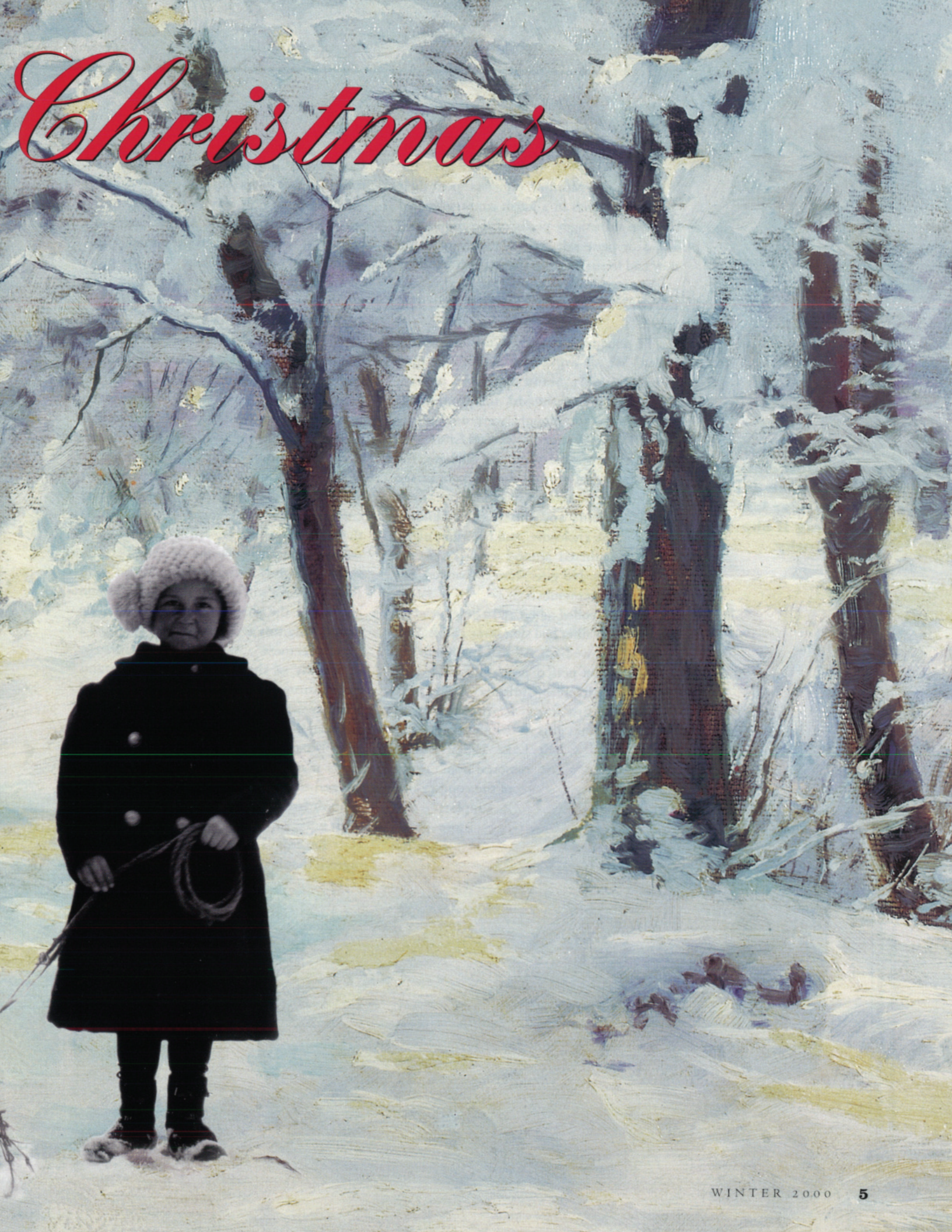
As the last stars faded in the slowly lightening sky and the smell of wood smoke filled the frosty air on a typical Christmas morning, the first sounds one heard might be the jingle of sleigh bells and the voices of children calling "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" This was the signal that the holiday had officially begun. In many homes, family members competed to be the first to shout "Christmas gift!" The prize was usually very small, maybe a piece of candy or a lump of real white sugar, but to the victor, the reward was very sweet indeed.

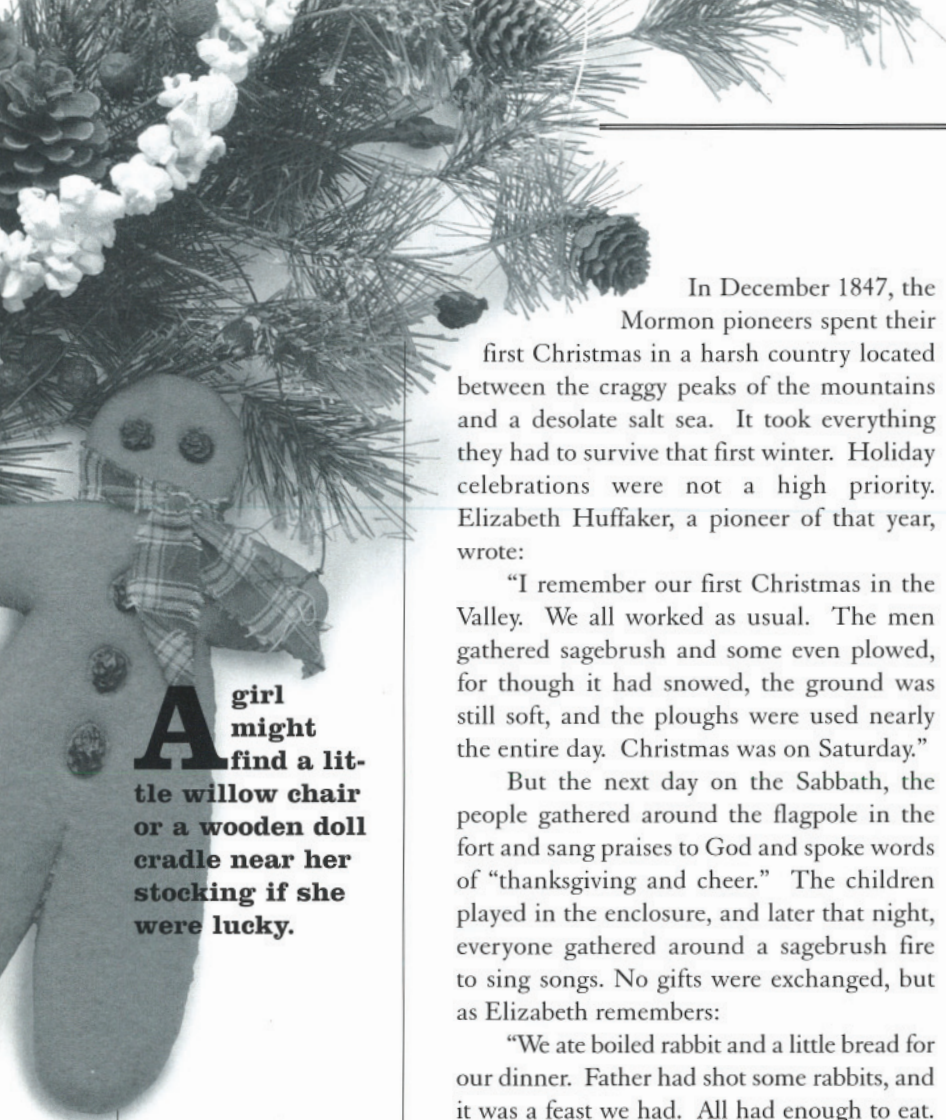
In the pioneer towns of Utah, "Christmas gift!" meant it was time to show one's friends what Santa had brought during the night. Boys and girls rushed from their houses clutching their stockings and whatever meager gifts they had received. A few of the more fortunate may have had fatter stockings than their friends, but on the whole the gifts were simple and useful, and the children didn't begrudge each other their small happiness; some even shared their treats, a few raisins or a piece of molasses candy.

Only a few years earlier, it had been a hardship for parents to provide even the most basic needs for their children, let alone Christmas presents.



Christmas





A girl might find a little willow chair or a wooden doll cradle near her stocking if she were lucky.

In December 1847, the Mormon pioneers spent their first Christmas in a harsh country located between the craggy peaks of the mountains and a desolate salt sea. It took everything they had to survive that first winter. Holiday celebrations were not a high priority. Elizabeth Huffaker, a pioneer of that year, wrote:

"I remember our first Christmas in the Valley. We all worked as usual. The men gathered sagebrush and some even plowed, for though it had snowed, the ground was still soft, and the ploughs were used nearly the entire day. Christmas was on Saturday."

But the next day on the Sabbath, the people gathered around the flagpole in the fort and sang praises to God and spoke words of "thanksgiving and cheer." The children played in the enclosure, and later that night, everyone gathered around a sagebrush fire to sing songs. No gifts were exchanged, but as Elizabeth remembers:

"We ate boiled rabbit and a little bread for our dinner. Father had shot some rabbits, and it was a feast we had. All had enough to eat. In the sense of perfect peace and goodwill, I never had a happier Christmas in my life."

For the first few years, the majority of Christmas gifts were homemade. The Salt Lake Valley was so removed from the rest of the country that supplies and store goods from the

East were hard to come by. Brave freighters, with their heavy wagons and yokes of sturdy oxen, were the only way to get goods in the years before the railroad. Freight across the plains cost twenty-five cents per pound, which was quite expensive. There was no other choice but to "make it do, or do without."

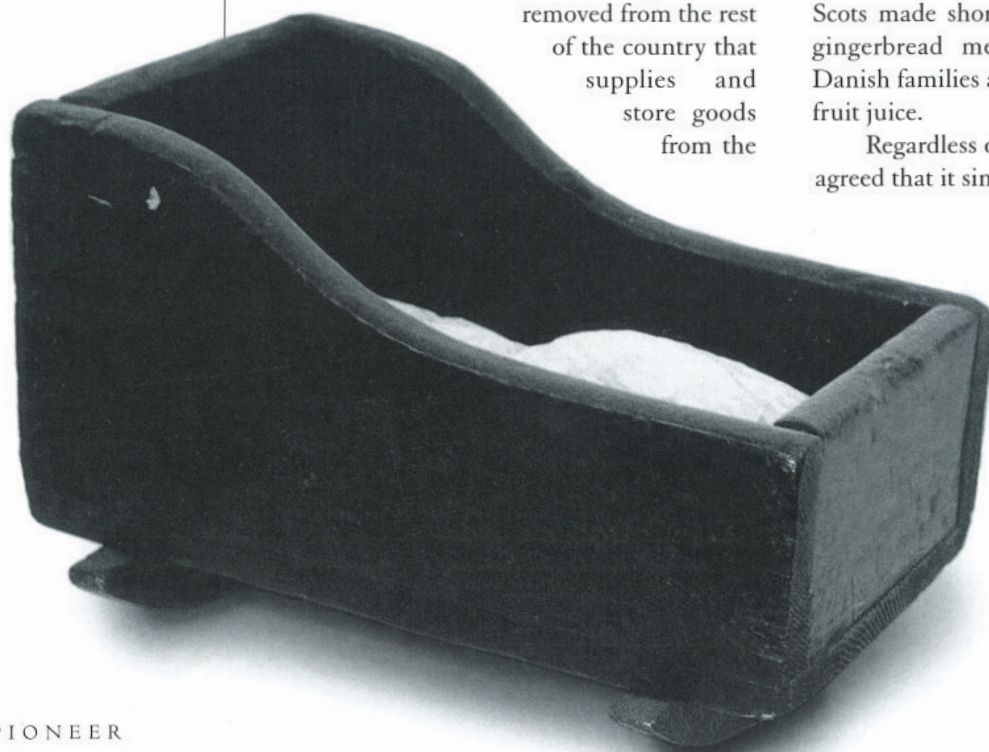
CHRISTMAS TREATS

When there were no store-bought gifts or candy to be found, pioneer mothers did their best to fashion some little toy or treat for their children. Drawing on their own ingenuity and the memories of homes left behind, these loving mothers created something from almost nothing.

The lack of sugar or other sweeteners was often a dilemma. Molasses was more common than white sugar, but when even that was not available, a mother might boil down a squash or carrots or even beets to make a slightly sweet syrup. Mixed with flour to form a stiff dough, she would fashion cookies in the shapes of animals and little people. Raisins and currants also provided a bit of sweetness.

Many of the settlers were immigrants from Europe who brought with them the Christmas traditions and recipes of their homelands. English plum pudding was popular if the ingredients could be found. The Scots made shortbread; the Germans loved gingerbread men with raisins for eyes. Danish families ate rice soup sweetened with fruit juice.

Regardless of their nationality, everyone agreed that it simply wasn't Christmas without the traditional foods of childhood.



Doll cradle (left) belonged to Nan Savage Richardson, 1866. It was made by Ralph Ramsey, an acclaimed wood carver.

HOMEMADE GIFTS

Alice M. Hansen's mother had to make do one Christmas when her father was late coming back with the Christmas barrel of presents, fruit, and clothing her grandparents sent each year. Alice wrote:

"Mother made a few cookies with raisin faces and hung them on the tree. Then she covered walnut shells with a few bits of tinsel she found. She cut raisin boxes in half and covered them with bits of crepe paper and wall paper and hung them on the tree. In each stocking, she put a cookie or two and some covered walnut shells."

Father made it home with the barrel a few days after Christmas, and Santa made his delivery on New Year's Eve. It was a Christmas Alice would never forget.

Homemade gifts were usually useful items that a child needed, such as mittens, stockings, scarves, and clothing. To fulfill a child's yearning for playthings, simple toys were fashioned from available materials. Mothers saved every scrap of fabric, sometimes even using yardage from their own dresses if no other fabric was handy. Most early dolls were rag dolls, but with a little creativity a doll could be made from dried apples, wood, and even bread dough. Elizabeth Terry Blair, who lived in St. George, used to find a dough dolly in her stocking every Christmas when she was a girl. Her girlfriends got one as well. They played with them all day, took them visiting, and when they became grimy, ate them happily. A girl might also find a little willow chair or a wooden doll cradle near her stocking if she were lucky.

Gifts for a pioneer boy might be a new pair of suspenders, a barrel hoop to roll, or a crude sled. A little wagon was made by sawing thin rounds from a small log for wheels. Crosspieces joined the wheels, with a stout stick added for a tongue. On this frame, a little box would be built with small scraps of lumber salvaged from the sawmill. If a father was a good whittler, he might make a menagerie of small wooden animals for his

young Noah, who could spend many happy hours herding them into a makeshift ark.

Elizabeth C. Parrish recalled that she used to believe that all of her gifts had been made by her parents. She said, "It didn't seem strange to us then that all the neighborhood children had exactly the same as we did, but years later we learned that the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood exchanged the gifts they could make best for the things others could make."

Barter was often used to provide a wider variety of foodstuffs and other goods. An expert carpenter could trade items he'd crafted for fruits, nuts, and molasses from a storekeeper, and a mother might trade eggs and butter with a neighbor who was a good seamstress.

Certainly one of the most unusual "homemade" gifts of all was the one Rose Ann G. Hafen received when she was seven years old. She told her mother, "I want a real live doll, one that can walk and talk and run over to Leda's. Will you get me one?"

Rose Ann was surprised when her mother calmly agreed. She was even more surprised a few days before Christmas, after a



Gifts for a pioneer boy might be a new pair of suspenders, a barrel hoop to roll, or a crude sled.

Sled (above) belonged to George Albert Smith.



long night filled with strange noises, to be called to her mother's bedside. "Well, Rose Ann, here is your real live doll." It was a baby brother they named Emil.

Even though store-bought toys became more readily available in Salt Lake City and some of the larger towns with the coming of the railroad, in the smaller, more remote Mormon settlements, people had to depend on less-frequent shipments of goods. "Homemade" was still the word describing a territorial Christmas.

One year, the news spread quickly in Lucy Potter Blackham's community that she

had received a real store-bought doll from a favorite aunt in Provo.

Only a few children had found anything in their stockings that year, so all

were eager to catch a glimpse of Lucy's prize. Her little brother wanted it badly. He cried and cried, but Lucy was feeling selfish. She hid it in the oven of their old-fashioned stove. Even the worst fortuneteller could have predicted what happened next. Her father made a big fire in the stove, and you might say Lucy's doll helped make Christmas dinner that day.

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE

Not many homes had Christmas trees in those days. Those who were lucky enough to have a tree decorated it with strings of popcorn and rose hips, paper chains, and pieces of pretty paper saved during the year. Some tied cookies and small wax candles to the branches. But virtually every town had a community Christmas tree. These trees were often put up by the Sunday School and were the center of a big Christmas party for the entire community.

The happiness reflected in the eyes of the children when they first entered the building and beheld the Christmas tree must have gladdened the hearts of their parents. Placed in the branches of the tree among the popcorn strings and glowing candles were toys and gifts, one for every child. The parents had traded goods or a few cents per child so that each might receive a gift from the real

Santa Claus, who was certain to arrive before the party's end.

Many pioneer journals mention a certain toy or doll that a child would see among the branches of the tree and set his or her heart upon. Usually a china doll with golden curls and a fine dress was the most coveted prize. These same journals recalled what a disappointment



Child's rocking chair (left) made after arriving in the valley. The rawhide seat is made from the skin of a cow that died at Winter Quarters.



Santa would arrive with a hearty "Merry Christmas!" for all. Dressed in boots and fur coat and draped with sleigh bells, he distributed the gifts among the children. The children were too excited to notice that Santa's sparse beard was stuck on with molasses.

the child felt when the doll would go to someone else. But childish hearts more often were glad for the gift received, whether it be a tin horn, a penknife, or a tiny beaded purse.

Santa would arrive with a hearty "Merry Christmas!" for all. Dressed in boots and fur coat and draped with sleigh bells, he distributed the gifts among the children. The children were too excited to notice that Santa's sparse beard was stuck on with molasses. However, if that same beard should catch fire from the Christmas tree candles, they might discover that jolly old elf, once doused with the fire bucket, to be none other than the bishop himself in disguise.

In this highly technical, computerized age, the sweet simplicity of a pioneer Christmas touches the heart with feelings of

nostalgia. The word "homemade" contains within it the word "home." Home is the center of our lives. It is the place to which we always return in our hearts and our dreams—especially during the holidays. When someone makes a gift by hand, they are making it with the heart and giving a piece of themselves. May all gifts this holiday season be "homemade." ▼

Shirley Hatfield, pioneer descendent and Utah history buff, lives in Highland, Utah.

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Early pioneer hand-knitted stockings (left).





UTAH PIONEER

Weather

The weather diversity in Utah has become legendary through the years. It's not unheard of to have golfers in southern Utah enjoying a round while just an hour to the north a storm might be raging.

Huge variances in elevation and terrain make for interesting weather patterns, patterns that have been part of Utah living since the pioneer era.

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Certainly the huge variances in elevation and terrain make for interesting weather patterns, patterns that have been part of Utah living since the pioneer era.

The cold did cause many pioneers around Bear Lake, Star Valley, and Woodruff, Utah, to consider moving to warmer climates. The Brethren encouraged these early settlers to stay put unless they had serious health problems that could be improved by moving.

#### TEMPERING THE ELEMENTS

In the October 1904 general conference, William Budge noted that when the pioneers first arrived in the area, they did not enjoy good grain or food harvests at all; the frosts repeatedly killed their crops. The harsh elements forced the pioneers to gather much of the food they lived on from other areas, principally Cache Valley.

Miraculously, however, after a few years the pioneers finally started gathering successful grain harvests and vegetable harvests. And though they had made several attempts to plant fruit trees, frost stripped the trees every time—until the 1890s. After that time, the settlers planted fruit trees and started to enjoy harvests from some of them.

This gentling of the climate became quite a topic of conversation. Some people argued that the Lord intervened, temper-

ing the elements for the good of his people. Others claimed that the time between killing frosts was lengthened by the very act of people moving into an area, cultivating, building homes and buildings, and making so many fires. Regardless, believer and disbeliever agreed that something changed the growing season in this far north Utah area.

#### SIMPLE SUSTENANCE

Climate in other areas of the state has probably not changed as much since pioneer times. Plants, vegetables, and fruits harvested today are much the same as those harvested a century and a half ago. The pioneers planted peach, apricot, apple, and plum trees of all kinds; they also planted grapes. These crops did well even in the early days, though certainly fruit was more scarce in those days because the trees took years to fully mature and people took many more years to plant trees everywhere they settled.

The mountain grasses have not changed much through the years either, although many farmers have planted better grazing grasses in many areas for their livestock. But the same wild grasses thrive around the state as in the early days.

And interestingly, the same weeds do well throughout the state today—regardless of location. Everyone knows the pioneers used the sego lily as a food crop to survive in many cases, but they also used dandelions,

**P**ioneers made several attempts to plant fruit trees, but frost stripped the trees every time—until the 1890s. After that time, the settlers planted fruit trees and started to enjoy harvests from some of them.



*Apple orchard, circa 1904, near Provo, Utah.*



**W**hen temperatures dipped not just below freezing but below zero as well, the pioneers put on all the layers they could to seal out the cold.



pigweed, red root, and of all things, stinging nettles. These weeds still flourish in the modern climate, though few people still dine on the delicacies. Often the pioneers ate so many of these weeds that they had to travel farther and farther from home to find them. Since the climate doesn't seem to change enough to kill these weeds out, perhaps they could be eradicated if enough people would dine on them today.

Pioneers in St. George could harvest plants and roots year round, since snow didn't cover the plants. People in the colder, northern climates picked and preserved these roots and stems for the winter, so they would have time to participate in their favorite winter sport—simply keeping warm.

#### **DRESSING FOR WARMTH**

Modern thinkers, living in the age of synthetic clothes and specialized sports cloth-

ing, like to believe they discovered or invented layering as a technique to keep warm. But the pioneers used it decades earlier out of necessity. They did not have coats big enough to keep them warm during the frigid weather in some Utah areas. So when temperatures dipped not just below freezing but below zero as well, the pioneers put on all the layers they could to seal out the cold.

While the layers of clothing would not have been as warm and water resistant as many modern fabrics, the pioneers reported relatively few cases of frostbite. Apparently they effectively used what small means of clothing they had to prevent the problem, patching old clothes and resewing cloth or animal skins into "new clothes."

In St. George and surrounding areas, obviously the layering method for clothes would have been designed more to keep out dust than keep warmth in. And the children there would not have spent much time singing "Sleigh bells ring, are you listening?"—not just because the song wasn't written until 1934, but because the youngsters had no snow and spent their time in winter searching for "greens" to eat and animals to hunt.

Because of the much warmer climate in the south throughout the year, people spent more time finding food because they could not store it in frozen conditions as the people could who lived farther north. Though the pioneers in the south could dry food much easier, meat spoiled much quicker and had to be eaten as soon as possible. That is one reason pioneers in all areas of the state shared meat from kills. However, it was an especially important tradition in the southern part of the state to prevent wasted meat.

#### **RISING LEVELS OF WATER**

Though the climate may not have changed in a dramatic way after the pioneers arrived, evidence suggests that some things did change. The desert climate and conditions forced the pioneers to flood irrigate. They constructed an immense canal and ditch system to grow crops. Communities banded together to literally scratch and claw these canals and ditches into the parched earth, since no one man could have completed this immense effort alone.

But the Great Salt Lake did not diminish during these years, even though the water



*Photos courtesy Utah State Historical Society, all rights reserved.*



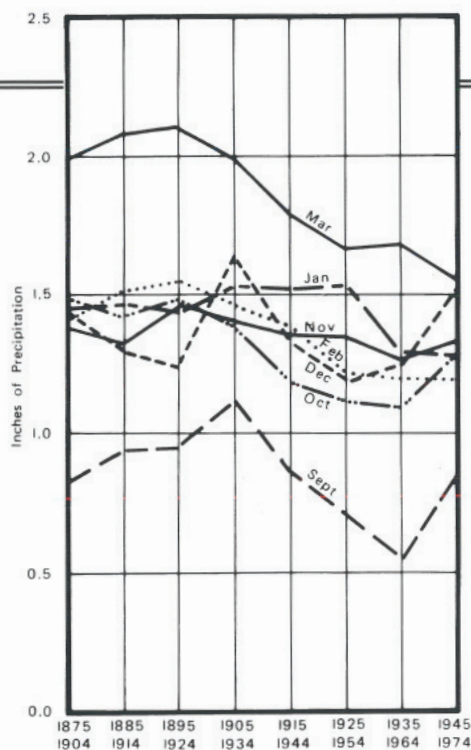


Figure 6a

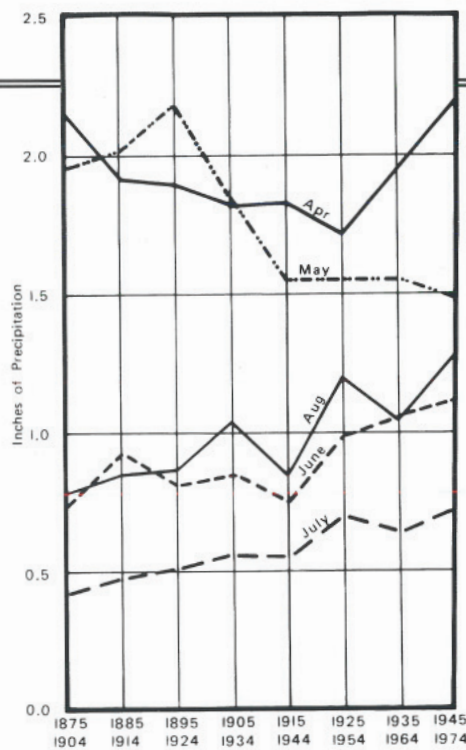


Figure 6b

*Salt Lake weather station data indicates surprising seasonal precipitation trends seen in the charts above. Through the years, Salt Lake City has been experiencing slightly cooler and drier winters and slightly hotter and wetter summers. The month of May is the exception, with average precipitation steadily declining throughout much of the twentieth century.*

sources feeding the lake were diverted. On August 30, 1875, Orson Pratt gave a sermon in the Tabernacle, recorded in volume 18 of the *Journal of Discourses*, in which he stated that the level of the lake had risen 12 to 15 feet since 1847. He said that many of the streams in the area were flowing with more water than they ever had before and they were still increasing. How could the lake rise with less water reaching it every year? How could streams run more water?

In an article titled "One Hundred Years of Utah Weather," published in *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Don Murphy shows a chart of weather for the Salt Lake area in which the first recorded year for precipitation was 1875. That year was the highest precipitation ever recorded in this hundred-year study. Did more rain and snow fall in those early years, causing streams to swell and the lake to rise?

No weather statistics exist before 1875, so we cannot know what the precipitation was like before that year, but that year, at least, Utah received more water than has fallen since, which could indicate where the water came from to swell the streams and lake.

No doubt some will always discuss whether God causes changes in water levels

and weather situations or whether the mere presence of people and settlement did it. But one parting question: If the mere presence of people caused the warming in the Bear Lake area and the streams and lake to rise, why aren't these trends continuing today in a measurable degree, since these areas now have even more people? ▼



**E**veryone knows the pioneers used the sego lily (below) as a food crop to survive in many cases, but they also used dandelions, pigweed, red root, and of all things, stinging nettles.

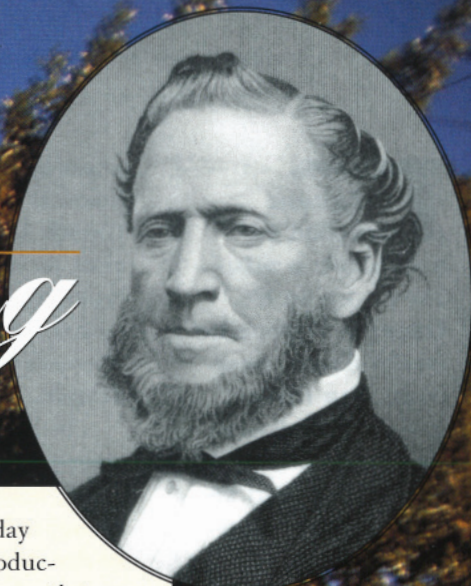
*Winters*







# THE *Brigham Young* WINTER HOME



*The following was taken from a script written for missionary couples serving as guides in the Brigham Young Winter Home located in St. George, Utah.*

**T**he name and personality of Brigham Young are inseparable from the pioneer history of the Latter-day Saints. He is best known in history for his masterful leadership in the westward trek from Nauvoo, Illinois, to the Great Salt Lake Valley beginning in 1846 and 1847.

Brigham Young continued as the leader of the Latter-day Saints for the next 30 years. During those three decades, he directed the establishment of more than 300 communities throughout the American West. One of these was St. George, a city founded in 1861 as part of a series of settlements in southern Utah, southern Nevada, and northern Arizona. It was hoped that these southern settle-

ments would make the Latter-day Saints more self-sufficient by producing cotton, grapes, and other crops that could not be grown further north.

Brigham Young intended for St. George to become the principal town in Utah's "Dixie." This area got that name because of its warm climate, because of its many early settlers from the American South, and because of the Mormons' attempts to establish a cotton industry here. When the settlement was just getting started, Brigham Young prophesied that St. George would one day become a city of "spires, towers, and steeples."

To the early pioneers, that seemed an impossible dream. They were attempting to build an agricultural community in an area with less than eight inches of annual rainfall. The soil was alkaline, flash floods frequently washed away their dams on the Virgin River, and malaria weakened them. But after years of hard work and sacrifice, they finally suc-

ceeded in building dams and canals to harness the river water and establish a diverse agricultural economy. The Brigham Young home in St. George is a symbol of how well these pioneers succeeded in building a prosperous and civilized life for themselves in this rugged and desolate place.

It was Brigham Young's custom to visit the Latter-day Saint settlements throughout the Great Basin at least once





**I**n 1866, Brigham decided to establish a winter home in St. George. Before he could do so, however, the telegraph line from St. George to Salt Lake City had to be completed so that he could keep in touch with Church business there.



a year to hold preaching conferences, to give practical advice, and to meet with local Church leaders and members. During his visits to St. George, he laid plans for the beautiful red sandstone Tabernacle. He also picked the site for the cotton mill, and he directed construction of the lovely St. George Temple.

In 1866, Brigham decided to establish a winter home in St. George. Before he could do so, however, the telegraph line from St. George to Salt Lake City had to be completed so that he could keep in touch with Church business there. Church officials took the contract to build the telegraph, and the men of the area donated a titling of their labor—one day in ten—to help. The telegraph line was completed in 1867, under the direction of Erastus Snow, who presided over the Latter-day Saints of this area.

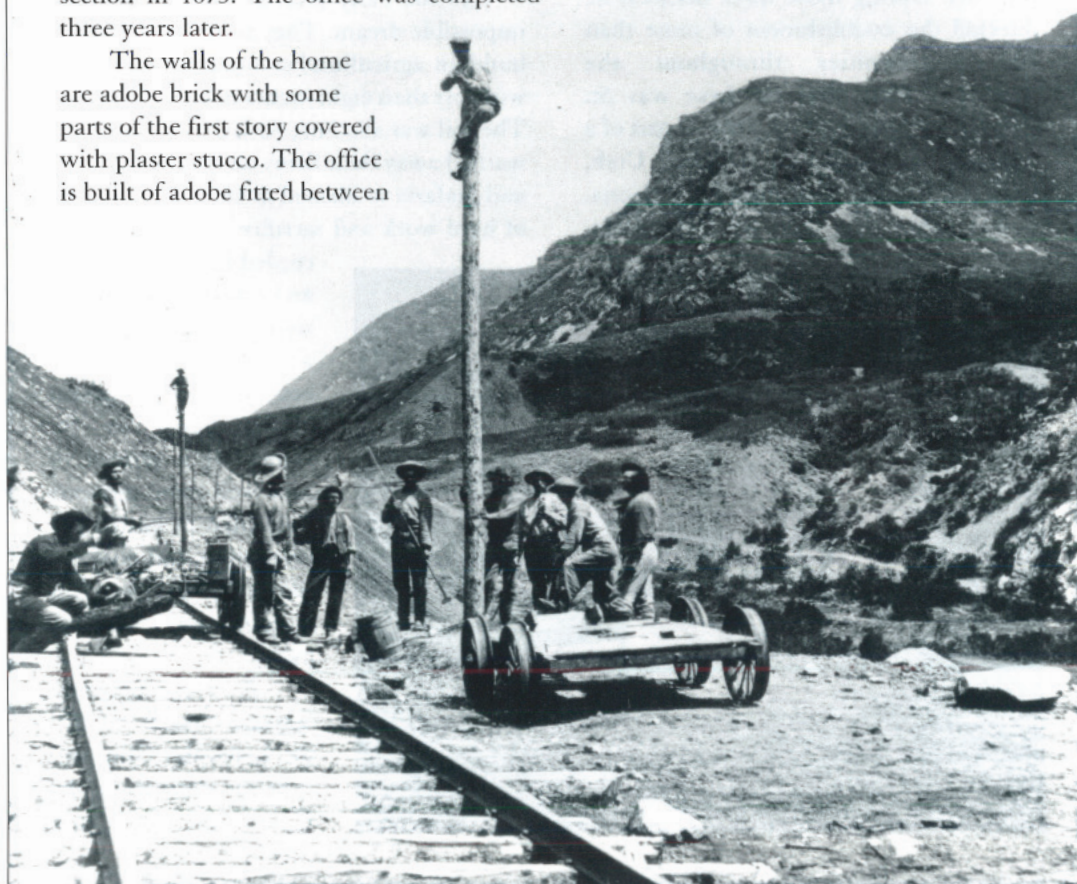
When Brigham Young purchased the property for his home in 1871, the back portion of the house was already standing. It had been built by James Chesney in 1869 and 1870. Brigham Young retained the original home and added the spacious two-story front section in 1873. The office was completed three years later.

The walls of the home are adobe brick with some parts of the first story covered with plaster stucco. The office is built of adobe fitted between

pine studs and plastered over. The carriage house at the rear of the lot was built in 1871 for storage; it also contains public restrooms.

Several pioneer crops are represented in the garden of the Brigham Young home. There is a mulberry tree, which was planted in the late 1870s as part of the local attempt to produce silk. Eggs were imported and silkworms were raised in attics or special rooms in many homes. The worms would eat only mulberry leaves, and many young people occupied their time climbing trees like this one and breaking off branches loaded with leaves. Although some silk cloth was successfully produced, the enterprise proved unprofitable.

The small vineyard illustrates the thriving grape industry that developed in St. George, producing table grapes, raisins, and Dixie wine. Next to the grapevines are a few rows of cotton. Growing cotton was the major reason for settling this area. The cotton growers found a ready market in the 1860s, but the end of the Civil War and the coming of the railroad made it difficult for local producers to compete with cotton from



Construction of telegraph lines.



the southern states. Consequently, this industry declined. Today, alfalfa and fruit are major crops.

Brigham Young was 69 years old when he spent his first winter in the Brigham Young home in St. George. He traveled to the home to enjoy the mild winters and to nurse his rheumatism.

Brigham Young once said he believed in working eight hours, sleeping eight hours, and spending the other eight hours of the day in recreation. He enjoyed dancing, he liked good theater, and he delighted in entertaining guests at dinner parties, known as "sociables."

Brigham Young employed many people to help with household duties, but he never called them "servants." It was his custom to refer to them as "helpers," and in most cases they were included in family activities. If they possessed special skills, such as music, language, or art, they served as teachers for Brigham Young's children.

The prophet himself had little formal education, but he placed great emphasis on education for the Latter-day Saint people. He founded many schools, including Brigham Young University in Provo, now one of the largest private universities in the United States.

The home in St. George served as Brigham Young's residence for only three to five months of every year. He was usually accompanied to the winter home by his wife, Harriet Amelia Folsom Young. An attractive and gracious woman, she served as hostess for many social events.

The Youngs traveled the 320 miles from Salt Lake by buggy, bringing their personal effects

and clothing in a wardrobe trunk. Usually the trip took a week or more because President Young would preach and counsel with the people in each settlement along the way.

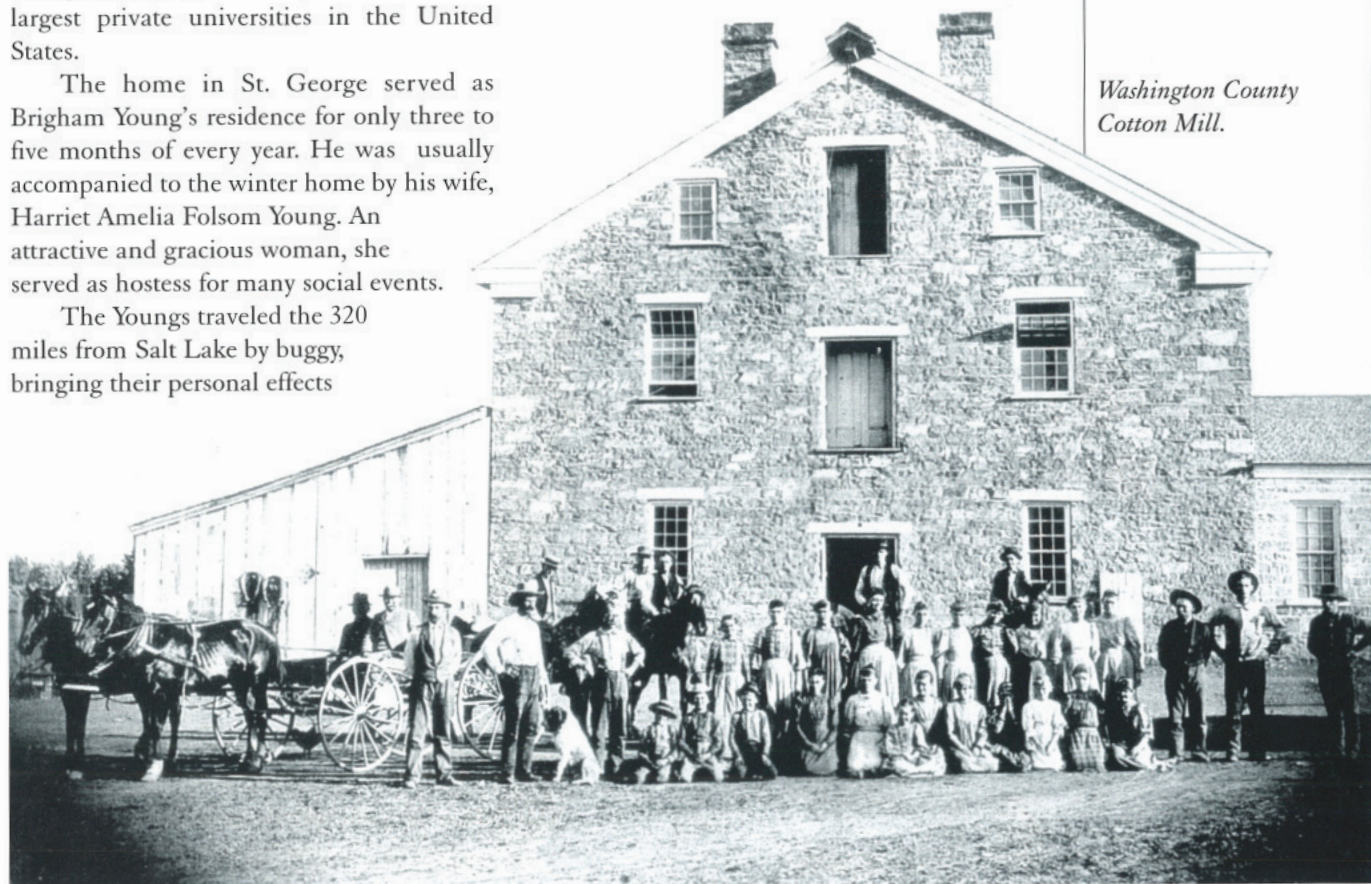
During his visit to his St. George home in the spring of 1877, President Young told the people that he intended to "die in the harness." Just as he said, he died only a few months later, on August 29, 1877, in Salt Lake City, still actively engaged in directing Church affairs to the last.

The Brigham Young home property was owned by Brigham Young's family until 1882. After being left vacant for a decade, the home served as an office and residence until the mid-1940s, when it was again left vacant and allowed to fall into disrepair. Descendants of Brigham Young purchased the property and gave it to the state of Utah to be restored in 1859. The State Parks and Recreation Division operated the home until 1974, when it was acquired by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It has now been refurbished and renovated as one of the Church's historical landmarks. ▼

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Washington County Cotton Mill.



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I Remember



By Kristi Bell

*Through
our
pioneer
heritage,
we may
lay claim
to those
simpler
days.*

Christmas of 1847 fell on a Saturday, but the pioneers chose to celebrate on Sunday. Despite scarcities, Christmas was a time of celebration, of giving thanks. One young girl later looked back on that momentous day.

"I remember our first Christmas in the valley. We all worked as usual. The men gathered sagebrush, some even plowed, for though it had snowed, the ground was still soft, and the ploughs were used nearly the entire day. Christmas came on Saturday. We celebrated the day on the Sabbath, when all gathered around the flagpole in the center of the fort, and there we

held meeting. And what a meeting it was! We sang praise to God, we all joined in the opening prayer, and the speaking that day has always been remembered. There were words of thanksgiving and cheer. Not an unkind word was uttered. The people were hopeful and buoyant because of their faith in the great work they were undertaking. After the meeting, there was handshaking all around. Some wept with joy, the children played in the enclosure, and around a sagebrush fire that night, we gathered and sang:

*Come, come ye Saints,
No toil, nor labor fear,
But with joy, wend your way.*

"That day, we had boiled rabbit and a little bread for our dinner. Father had shot some rabbits, and it was a feast we had. All had enough to eat. In the sense of perfect peace and good will, I never had a happier Christmas in all my life."¹

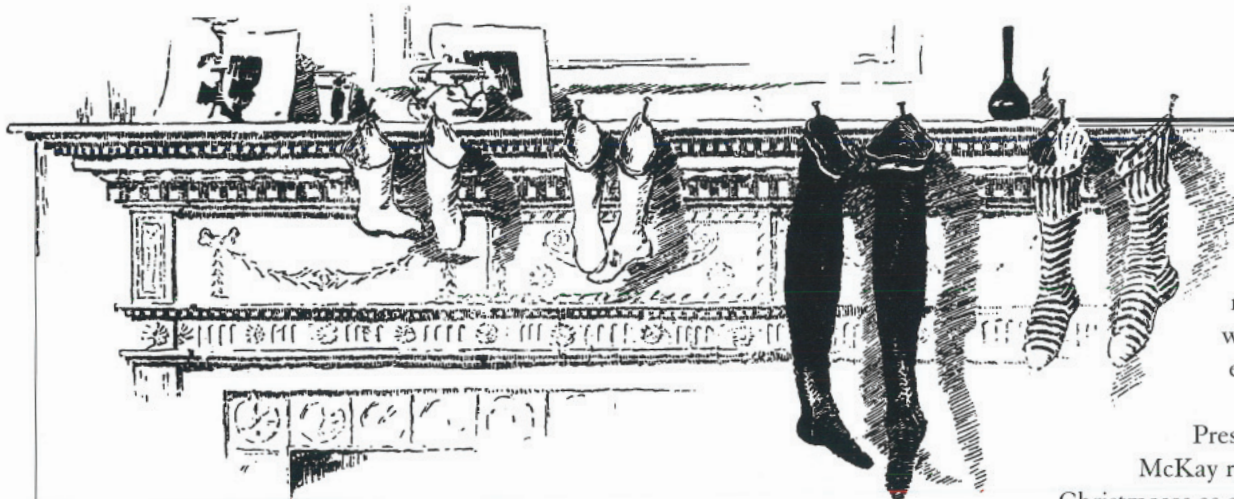
The elements—food, family, and religion—present in the first Christmas in the Salt Lake Valley persisted through pioneer times and were eventually united with decorations and gifts to comprise magical Christmases. The pioneer pantry consisted primarily of what the family grew and processed for themselves. Rather than the weekly or even daily trips to the store that are common now, pioneer grocery shopping happened only once or twice a year. Pioneer women planned carefully using precious items, such as sugar, sparingly. Christmas celebrations were exciting because of the relative abundance of sweets. Butterscotch



Original 200-year-old rag doll (left) that crossed the plains with a pioneer youngster.

Christmas





Who can ever forget the thrill of that first touch of the stocking filled with Santa's treasures! Apple in the toe, sticks of red and white candy protruding from the top, and trinkets and presents hidden in between!



candies, gumdrops, and taffy were popular. Special treats filled homes

Chocolate was very scarce, so it was a real treat when it was available. Hot chocolate usually was sipped slowly in front of a warm fire around Christmas or New Year's. Good conversation and storytelling often accompanied a hot mug.²

Another favorite was sweetened breads made with sugar, unlike everyday breads. Bread might even be sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. Unlike its modern counterpart, fruitcake was greatly appreciated and was made several months prior to Christmas to allow sufficient time for aging. Recipes brought from Europe by converts lent exotic ethnicity to pioneer celebrations. Swedish Saints loved their sweet Christmas rice. Perhaps the favorite ingredient was the single almond placed in the rice mixture. The lucky person to find the almond would be certain to marry in the coming year.

Often when there were no other gifts, sweets were all children received. One Christmas in Orderville, the mothers wanted to use a little molasses to make treats to put in their children's stockings. The brother in charge of molasses refused to allow them to use any of the sweetener.

The mothers went to the bishop's wife with their dilemma. This good sister told the mothers that she would get her husband's permission for them. They would just have to wait until after dinner. Actually, they had to wait for the bishop to fall asleep. Entering his bedroom, the bishop's wife asked for his permission to use the molasses. A mumbled reply convinced his wife that he was agreeable, and she gave the sisters permission to proceed with their candymaking. On Christmas morning "every child in Orderville had two molasses cookies and one big slightly sticky lump of candy in his stocking."³

While sweets were nice, Christmas was truly happiest when family was around.

President David O. McKay remembered his Christmases as a boy in the late

1800s in a letter to his brother Thomas:

"Again it was Christmas Eve. Our stockings having been hung where Santa couldn't help but see them, we lay half expecting to hear the jingle of the sleigh bells announcing the approach of good old St. Nick to the chimney top—sleep came tardily, but finally the sandman succeeded in closing our eyes.

"Christmas morning, I can see those boys creeping down the stairs before day-break—no electric switch to press and flood the room with light; no flashlight at hand. They didn't even light the old kerosene lamp. Step by step they groped their way in the dark, and sought the nail (or chair) on which each had hung respectively his empty stocking. Who can ever forget the thrill of that first touch of the stocking filled with Santa's treasures! Apple in the toe, sticks of red and white candy protruding from the top, and trinkets and presents hidden in between!"⁴

President McKay's childhood memory was sweeter because he could share it with someone who was there. Other pioneers left their Christmas memories for family members who came after them to enjoy.

One young boy's family homesteaded in the Uintah Basin. Life could be very hard in Uintah, but there were moments of great sweetness. Clarin D. Ashby wrote, "The family had almost no money. Since most of the cattle were lost on the mountain there was no milk or calves to sell to bring in cash. . . . Mother had the new baby in June, and that meant she didn't have time to make as many clothes and things as she generally did for Christmas . . .

"We didn't have a Christmas tree, and not many decorations. . . . Mice had nearly destroyed. . . the Christmas decorations. . . . But Christmas eve, when we had our usual reading session including the Christmas

story from the Bible, mother explained that Santa Claus wouldn't bring very much this year because of the drouth. Everyone, including Santa, was short on money this year.

"And mother didn't stop there. 'Do you kids know what Christmas really is?' Like Thanksgiving, the older kids came up with a better answer than I could.

"Then mother went on to say, 'It represents the love that Jesus had for all of us. When Jesus was a baby, many people brought him gifts. And he gave us the greatest of all gifts—eternal life.'

"She paused a moment, then added, 'We don't need a lot of gifts to have Christmas. It doesn't matter where we live, or what we have. If we are a family with love, God will bless us with everything we need. But we do need to express our love to each other and to everyone. Then we will have a good Christmas.'"⁵

And good Christmases abounded. While there were many parties and delicious food, the religious nature of the holiday was not forgotten. The ward Christmas party was a highlight of the season, and amid the food and dancing, the story of Christ's birth was read. In 1904 the Relief Society in Mendon sent five dollars to each missionary, and in 1879 the *Deseret News* reported that a wealthy man had donated coal for the town's poor. Each ward was allotted a ton of coal for its poor.⁶

Brigham Young spent his Christmases with his family and did not neglect to teach and instruct. Christmas of 1857, "he and his brothers and their families met at his house, for a great family meeting where the president talked about his experiences leading the Kingdom, his hopes for the family and the Church, and about doctrine."⁷

As the valleys were settled and the pioneers prospered, Christmas became a more elaborate celebration. Christmas trees lent an atmosphere of gaiety to the season. Christmas trees were cut a few days before Christmas and often decorated on Christmas Eve. The decorations on the tree were all homemade. Popcorn or pine cones were strung together to form a garland, and ornaments were made of paper, dried fruit and berries, or anything else pioneers could find.

Homemade candles were placed on the tree and lit on Christmas Eve or a few days before or after Christmas. Candles were made from beeswax or tallow. Tallow candles smoke and smelled bad when they burned, so beeswax was used whenever possible. The candles used to light a Christmas tree were much smaller than regular candles. Candles were hand dipped in melted tallow or beeswax. It took about 500 dips to create a candle.

To dip candles, string was draped over a dowel or stick, then dipped in hot wax, allowed to set up, then dipped again. This duty was typically performed by the daughters in the family, at night when outside work could not be done and the heat from the stove was appreciated.⁸

The candles on the trees were truly dangerous. Camilla Eyring Kimball recalls, "Early one Christmas morning I was carrying a small bucket of milk to my grandmother's house, which was a few streets away, when I saw that a house through the block was on fire. It was the home of one of my friends. Terrified, I dashed home to tell my parents. They and all the neighbors rushed to help, but their best efforts could not save the house.

"In those days people fastened real candles on the Christmas tree and lit them. In my friend's home one of the candles had tipped, setting first the tree and then the house ablaze. Everything was destroyed.

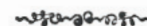
"The community rallied around the family, supplying all their immediate needs. And I was even a bit jealous when the children of the family received more gifts for Christmas that year than had been under their tree.

"I know the family would have been helped, whatever the time of year, but the outpouring of generosity seemed especially appropriate for Christmas Day, when traditionally we enjoy a special readiness to share."⁹

Before the 19th century came to an end, Christmas in the Salt Lake Valley was beginning to look somewhat modern. The *Deseret Evening News* for December 17, 1898, reported the following:

"Christmas shoppers were strongly in evidence on the streets today. They were by

Homemade candles used to light a Christmas tree were much smaller than regular candles. Candles were hand dipped in melted tallow or beeswax. It took about 500 dips to create a candle.



Before the 19th century came to an end, Christmas in the Salt Lake Valley was beginning to look somewhat modern.



Photo courtesy Utah State Historical Society, all rights reserved.

no means confined to residents of Salt Lake City, but there were more than the usual Saturday visitors from the country. Delightedly gazing at the decorated windows of the business houses, the little folks, accompanying their parents or big sister, constituted a beautiful picture of happy expectancy.

"One little tot, rapturously clasping her little 'pudding' hands, while her eyes devoured a beautifully dressed doll in a toy shop window, exclaimed to her companion, 'Oh, I mustn't look at it; I'm afraid I might want it.'"

"A little chap with a face that looked like a fat dumpling with a hole cut into it, pointed a dirty little sausage-finger at a big hobby horse and gurgled out, 'Golly!'"

"In order to deliver all the 'things,' including lumps of coal and bad potatoes for disobedient little boys and girls, Santa Claus will be compelled to use a very large sleigh, and so many reindeer to draw it that the music of the bells they wear will fill the whole world; and their Papa's and Mama's hearts will leap with joy at the bubbling happiness of their little ones."¹⁰

Pioneer children loved the gifts of Christmas but knew better than to expect more than a few. Mothers worked for months while their children slept to create dolls and other homemade presents. Toolboxes made by loving fathers and store-bought marbles delighted young boys. And stockings filled with oranges, apples, and nuts elated children. Joy filled humble pioneer homes on Christmas morn.

Often we hear the cries bemoaning the loss of a simpler time. A time when Christmas was less commercialized and represented the sacred nature of the season. Through our pioneer heritage, we may lay claim to those simpler days.

A few years ago, we sorted the Christmas traditions that had been collected by the William A. Wilson Folklore Archives at Brigham Young University. The narratives were complex, and the archivist finally assigned various traditions a letter and then entered into the computer the elements present in each narrative.

Like their pioneer ancestors, today's modern LDS families read or act out the nativity story, feast with family members,

decorate together, and serve their family, friends, and those less fortunate.

I identify with the pioneer parents intent on making Christmas memorable for their beloved children. I remember as a young mother of six daughters trying to make Christmas special. I spent months sewing dresses, dolls and doll clothes, and night-gowns. My husband hammered and painted a Barbie house while our mystified daughters listened and wondered. The house filled with the smells of Christmas cooking. Christmas could never be Christmas in our home without mint brownies. And a highlight of the season was the reading of Christ's birth with the girls silently recreating the scene.

Of course, today we make more runs to the mall than our ancestors did to town. And most of us could never survive if we didn't have a grocery store less than a mile away. But the Spirit of Christmas is alive and well in our homes, just as it was in our ancestors' homes. And as I crochet afghans for my three oldest children this year, I smile as I picture their reaction on Christmas morning and the warmth that will last throughout the year. ▼

Kristi A. Bell is the folklore archivist for the Brigham Young University Folklore Archives.

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3. Madsen, Susan Arrington, ed. *Christmas: A Joyful Heritage. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1984. (12).*
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5. Ashby, Clarin D. *Before I Grow Old. Private printing, 1990. (33-34)*
6. See Madsen, Susan Arrington. (4)
7. Ibid. (17)
8. Rawlings, Marla. (72)
9. Madsen, Susan Arrington. (73)
10. Ibid. (39)

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—Huntington

Christmas tree (far left) from early 1900s, photo by Elfie Huntington, well-known photographer in the valley.



Frances' Christmas Dinner

Frances felt sure that George and his gun would provide something for Christmas dinner.

By Florence Youngberg

Editor's note: The following is one in a series of reprinted articles that first appeared in past issues of the Pioneer. This article was first printed in the January/February 1991 Pioneer.

On Christmas morning of 1854 Frances Hansen stepped out from a log and willow cabin to look for George, her husband. He might return with some game, a duck or rabbit for their Christmas dinner. She surveyed a world of beauty. The sparkling Cottonwood Creek wended through the willows near a steep bluff and a short distance away emptied into the Jordan River. The creek was beautiful. She loved the clear fresh water flowing by her door. From it they irrigated their scanty crops. Like the other members of the 1856 Handcart

Company of pioneers to Utah, Frances knew what it was to be hungry. She hoped their crops might be more bounteous next year. She looked over the creek. They had already made arrangements to secure thirty-two acres of land. It was covered with sagebrush but by breaking it up and irrigating it, they could at least raise enough to keep them from starving. Someone had abandoned a dugout in the large mound by the creek. George could make it larger, line it with lumber, and put down a floor. With a door and window on the south and perhaps a lumber roof above the ground, they would be more comfortable. She rejoiced in the very thought of owning their own home. Momentarily she forgot that the only food in the house on this Christmas morning was a little shorts for mush.

She reveled in the view about her. A heavy snow hid all the sagebrush. The



delightful awe-inspiring Wasatch Mountains towered high in the east. The tips of the Twin Peaks were hidden in white clouds. She turned her view from the mountains and the creek to the river to look for George. The peaceful swish of the murky stream as it quietly flowed around the bluffs out of sight made Frances feel secure.

She looked over to an Indian camp. On a flat under a bluff were ten or twelve wicki-ups. The aroma of boiled meat and smoke came to her. When some Indians came begging at a neighbor's, a few weeks before, the boy had given them a cup of molasses. He followed them back to their camp to get the cup. The Indians were cooking muskrat. Perhaps that was all they were boiling now. At any rate, they had more than she for their Christmas dinner. Over the hill along the river beyond the double ditch on the Church Farm Frances knew many more Indians were camped, but she was not afraid. Many times when they had come begging she had sent them away without fear.

George was not in sight. She stepped inside. The burning willows in the rude fireplace at the east end of the shack made the room fairly comfortable. She picked up her nine-month-old baby, George, from the crib and cuddled him close. Clara Jane was three years old and clung to her. She hoped that George would find something with his gun for the sakes of these precious ones.

As she sat by the west window looking past the hole where the oxen drank and over the few shocks of corn fodder, she glanced down at her nursing baby. The birth of this one had been as humble as that of the Christ child. Baby George was born the previous March on a blustering stormy morning. The snow drifted on the bed through the open cabin. There had not been time to fix it comfortably before the baby came. George had brought Mrs. Chapel on horseback through the storm to her rescue. As she thought of these things she wished that George would come.

She had met George on Christmas of 1850 at her home, Peddemoor Hall, in Warwick, England. Christmas at Peddemoor had been a merry time. Her father, William Booth, was very sociable. He liked to sing and play the violin. The young folk of the neighborhood were often invited to the home. They enjoyed dancing while her father played. At Christmas time especially, the table groaned with plenty. As Frances looked back

Peddemoor seemed a lovely place.

This ancient home had been owned by her family for more than two hundred years. A moat surrounded the Hall. A single bridge led to the house. It was a mile from one side of the farm to the other. She loved the lanes, the trees, the hazel coppice and the rich cornfields. Nevertheless she was glad that she was here in Utah with her children and George. She felt sure that his gun would provide something for them for Christmas.

George's gun had served them well. Before and during the Crimean War he had been in the gun trade, and guns were in demand by the English Government. His gun had been necessary in the weary march of one thousand miles from Iowa to Utah. When they reached camp in the evening, George went out in search of game. After walking twenty or thirty miles and pulling a handcart all day, he did not feel much like hunting; but he did the best he could. Many would have starved had it not been for his gun.

Frances knew that George did the best he could. He had led her gently. He had bundled her and Clara Jane in the handcart and pulled and pushed them over the rough road. When the day's provision had been a small tin cup of flour to each person, he had insisted on her making as much bread as possible. When the mountains seemed as far away as on the previous day he had comforted her. Each morning she had thought that they would camp in the canyon at night. He had soothed her during the lightning storms and had assuaged her fears when the wolves had howled as they followed after them from one camping place to another. He had carried her over the rivers. He first took the cart then waded back for Frances and Clara Jane.

As she sat waiting and thinking of these things, she saw George coming. She trembled with expectations. George entered. Put his gun down with a thud. She knew he had nothing. He quietly stepped over to her.

"Look," she said, as she pointed to the corn shock.

A white rabbit nibbled at the fodder. George was not long in bringing it into them. He watched close. Another rabbit came looking for its mate. It was also secured. A good friend and neighbor Isabella Sharp sent them a loaf of bread. At their Christmas dinner they acknowledged the hand of the Lord for providing in their necessity. ▼



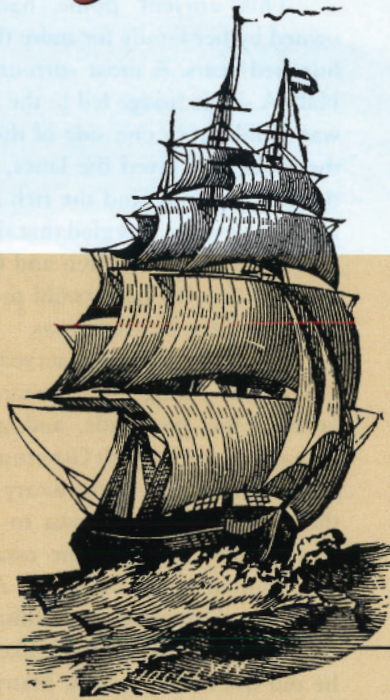
George entered. Put his gun down with a thud. She knew he had nothing.

wasatch

Far left: Early photo of Wasatch Mountains.

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Captain John Robinson



pioneer spotlight

FROM A LIFE ON THE SEA TO A LIFE OF FAITH

By 1790, the coastal region of Maine was well settled, and Warren was one of the small towns dotting the Georges River. Thomaston and Rockland were principal trading centers, and Augusta, the state capital, was only 35 miles away. Flour and sawmills were built on Mill Creek, only a short distance from Thomaston, and lime and granite quarries, timber, fish, and wild life was nearby.

Amid all this, John Robinson was born on December 27, 1792, in Lower Town (Cushing), Maine. Not much is known about John's childhood; the first real record indicates John married Abigail Parsons on July 9, 1814. John and Abigail lived on his father's estate in Cushing before they moved to Nauvoo, Illinois.

Following a deep love of the sea, John worked on oceangoing vessels, captaining many. Doubtless he had numerous experiences, and at least one has been recorded in history: On December 13, 1825, his vessel, the *Milo*, was in a heavy storm, sailing

in temperatures registering as low as eight degrees below zero. With the threat of ice constant, the *Milo* was in danger of sinking.

The ship struck on the York coastal ledges, which resulted in some leakage, and the ship again went ashore at Coffin's Beach in Gloucester. Somehow the crew, along with one passenger, Miss Mary French, managed to reach land in a small boat. It was said that Miss French's feet were frozen by the time she reached land.

Four years later, Captain Robinson owned a 91-ton schooner called *Mexico*. He was also part owner of *Fair Play*, as well as several other ships as well

THE MOVE TO NAUVOO

Tradition has it that John transported supplies to and from the East Indies, and on one of his trips he met a Mormon missionary. During the long hours of the voyage, the two discussed the LDS Church. Sometime in 1843, Captain John chose to give up his more than 40 years of sea life

for his family and the church. He left his estate and business in the hands of his oldest sons, and he and his wife and five youngest children left on the 1,500-mile trip to Nauvoo, Illinois, in the spring of 1844.

Their exact route is unknown, but ultimately they arrived in Nauvoo. The family may have arrived in Nauvoo shortly after the death of the Prophet Joseph, and John, Abigail, and the children were baptized a few days later on July 4, 1844. (One record claims the family was baptized in Maine before leaving for Nauvoo. The actual date is uncertain.) Regardless, Captain John purchased 46 acres of choice land in Nauvoo, where he built the family home.

John and Abigail set a fine example for their family. Captain John was unselfish with his money and skills as a wagon wheel maker as the Saints prepared for their trek west to escape unending persecution. Many needy Saints were provided with supplies and their wagons fitted with wheels—all at Captain John's expense.

THE TRIP WEST

Because mob violence was so severe, the evacuation of Nauvoo began much earlier than planned. The Saints were only partially prepared when they began the journey in February 1846, crossing the Mississippi River and traveling through ice and snow in temperatures as low as 20 degrees below zero.

Captain John's family left Nauvoo three months later with a good outfit consisting of three wagons, six yoke of cattle, some cows, and a number of sheep. All but six of the sheep were lost by the next spring. By late summer, the family arrived at Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. Recognizing the abundance of game, timber, and clear water, the Saints decided to build a midway station at Council Bluffs and across the river in a camp called Winter Quarters.

The Robinson children, John Jr., Sarah, Isaac, and Lawrence (aged 17, 13, 11, and 9) gained knowledge and spiritual growth during these experiences, helping their parents build and run a general store. The testimonies and beliefs gained during this crucial time were key elements in their lives. Much of John's savings was spent during this time helping others survive the winter and prepare for the remaining 1,000-mile journey to what would become Utah.

FROM WINTER QUARTERS TO UTAH

In April 1847, Brigham Young and a small company left Winter Quarters and headed further West. John and his family, however, stayed in Winter Quarters to care for the store and provide supplies for Saints who were still arriving at the midway station. The family left about three months later with a larger company of 1,553 individuals under the direction of Apostle Parley P. Pratt. The trip involved numerous hardships and memorable moments.

The Robinsons arrived safely in Salt Lake City in September 1847. They had traveled 1,000 miles in 77 days, averaging about 15 miles a day (excluding Sundays). Daughter Evelyn, married to George Whittier, gave birth to a son along the way. Named George, he was the first LDS boy born west of the Rockies and the youngest boy in Utah in 1847.

By the time the Robinsons arrived in the valley, Orson Pratt, an engineer, had surveyed the area, the temple site had been selected, the bowery constructed, and the Old Fort was well underway. The Robinson family settled on the Jordan River in the colony of Jordan, located some 10 miles south of Salt Lake City. John was called as the first bishop of the West Jordan Ward on January 19, 1852; his counselors were Joseph Harder and Reuse Williams. Later he filled a one-and-a-half-year mission to Nova Scotia.

In 1857, Abigail died; John lived another 20 years, although details of his life are sketchy. He died in 1878, no doubt surrounded by family members who honored him for the legacy of faith and obedience he and Abigail had passed on. ▼

Captain John's family left Nauvoo May 1846 with a good outfit consisting of three wagons, six yoke of cattle, some cows, and a number of sheep. All but six of the sheep were lost by the next spring. By late summer, the family arrived at Council Bluffs on the Missouri River.

—John A. Robinson





SUP HOSTS

The SUP hosted its annual historical symposium, a gathering of history enthusiasts who love to learn about pioneer history. This year's topic, "Here We Will Build Our Homes," focused on details of pioneer life in the first years of settling the Salt Lake Valley.

"Each year we examine a different aspect of pioneer history," explained Richard Horsley, SUP national historian and symposium organizer. "In the past few years we've looked at persecution in Nauvoo, Winter Quarters, crossing the plains, and entering the valley. So this year our presenters talked about life in the valley for the first five years."

Symposium presenters offered a wide variety of information about pioneer life during those crucial building years. After being greeted by SUP National President Ray H. Barton, Jr., participants enjoyed an opening address from Brother Horsley, who discussed what happened to the Prophet Joseph Smith's plural wives after his martyrdom. Brother Horsley also provided profile information about prominent LDS leaders, including John Brown, an outstanding frontiersman and one of the men who made up the leading company who first glimpsed the valley.

Following Brother Horsley, Area SUP

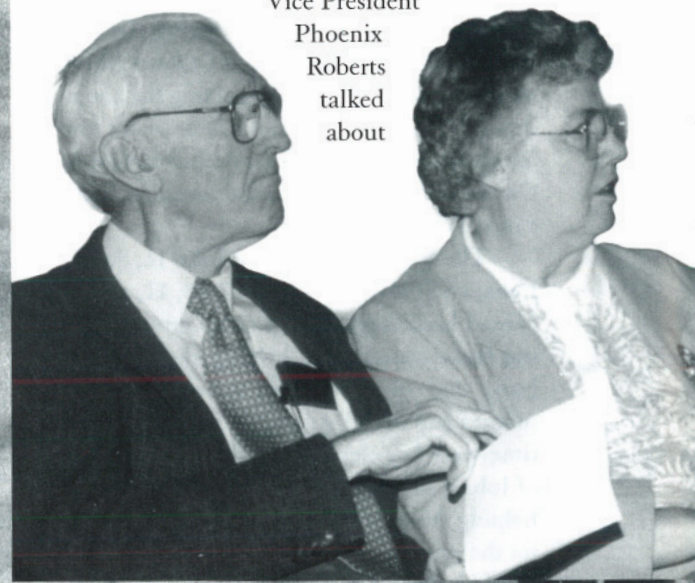
Vice President

Phoenix

Roberts

talked

about



Historical Symposium

the military in the Salt Lake Valley those first crucial years. Brother Roberts explained how the Nauvoo Legion was reorganized and reestablished; he also spoke of how the pioneers worked to build forts and protect themselves from the Native American residing in the area.

Bryan Cannon, an associate professor of history at Brigham Young University, addressed the influence that Native Americans had on the early LDS community. He noted that the LDS pioneers remained geographically close due to the presence of the Native Americans. Brother Cannon also discussed situations where Saints also intermarried with members of local tribes. That practice, met with varying degrees of success; the difference in cultures made these marriages difficult.

Next two representatives from the Daughters of Utah Pioneers spoke. Diane Wheeler talked about midwifery in those early years. Sister Wheeler supplied specific details about the lives of these women, who played a critical role in welcoming new children into these pioneer families.

Bette Barton detailed the everyday activity of an LDS pioneer women. She talked about the cooking, cleaning, laundering, and gardening duties that most early pioneer women carried; she also walked partic-

ipants through many of the typical methods of fulfilling these duties.

"All in all, we were pleased with the symposium," observed SUP national president Ray H. Barton, Jr. "The presenters were informative and entertaining. Of course, we would always love to see more people in attendance, but we're thrilled to be involved in presenting this type of opportunity to both our members and the public at large. We feel like this is a unique opportunity for history buffs to gather together in a friendly, informal atmosphere and learn about specific periods in pioneer history."

Symposium presenters offered a wide variety of information about pioneer life during crucial building years.

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*Symposium participants enjoy a unique opportunity to gather together and learn about pioneer history.*



# SUP Chapter Highlights

**S**ons of Utah Pioneer chapters around the country are busy making a difference in their communities as well as fostering a feeling of fellowship among their members. Here are a few chapter highlights.

*(If you'd like your chapter's activities included in this summary, please send pertinent information to Pioneer Magazine, 3301 East 2920 South, Salt Lake City, UT 84109. You can also email us at [nssup@burgoyne.com](mailto:nssup@burgoyne.com).)*

•The SUP welcomes a new chapter into the organization. On November 1, 2000, the **Beaver Chapter** of the SUP was officially organized. SUP National President-Elect Phil Richards attended the meeting, welcoming founding members and expressing his appreciation and excitement for the new chapter.

The night's agenda also included the official presentation of a plaque from the national organization to chapter president J. Ray Baker; the plaque lists the names of the chapter's founding members. Other speakers included Conrad Ordershaw and Lucille Strong (chairwoman of the local Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum Committee). Vernon Condie entertained the group with a splendid program of guitar songs—both old favorites and new offerings.

•The SUP **Settlement Canyon Chapter** and the **DUP Tooele Camp** joined together to dedicate an \$85,000 Tooele City pioneer memorial statue and monument in front of the city's library.

Project organizers worked for more than two years to raise the funding for the impressive memorial and to research and compile the names of the pioneers who settled in Tooele and Pine Canyon between 1849-1869. Funding for the project came from Tooele City, Tooele County, and more than 1,000 descendants or friends. Donations came in from all over the nation; one donation arrived from Italy! "It was heartwarming to have such a response," noted George A. McKellar, SUP Area Vice President and project chairman.

Peter Fillerup, owner of Wild West Design,



produced the Georgia granite stone, which features more than 800 names engraved on the panels.

did the beautiful statue of a pioneer father, mother, daughter, and son; Robert Bott, president of the Bountiful Memorial Art

Company,

•The **Washington Chapter** enjoyed a summer picnic at Pine Valley with a lighthearted group of 20 SUP members and their wives. The group caravanned through Snow Canyon and Pine Valley to a familiar picnic area.

Washington Chapter members also rode in the local July 4th parade, decorating a small trolley bed and throwing taffy candy to eager children watching in the crowd.

•Members of the **Mills Chapter** met together in August to listen to special guest speaker Richard H. Madson, former CEO and Chairman of the Board for ZCMI. Mr. Madson currently serves as a consultant to the May Department Stores.

In addition to Mr. Madson's remarks, chapter members enjoyed a performance by "The Madsonian Strings," a group of violinists from the studio of Doralee Madson. They performed Hungarian Dance by Brahms and selected American folk tunes.

## •WANTED: Ward Teaching Experiences.

Bill Hartley, research historian at Brigham Young University's Smith Institute for LDS History, is finishing a study of LDS ward teaching (1912 to 1961, before home teaching). Brother Hartley needs personal accounts from both ward teachers and people whose lives were influenced by ward teachers. If you have had an experience with ward teaching prior to 1961 and are willing to share it, please send your story to Brother Hartley at 135 KMB, BYU, Provo, UT 84602 or email to [billhartley1@juno.com](mailto:billhartley1@juno.com). You can also reach Brother Hartley at 801-378-7520.

## Chapter Eternal

*In loving memory of our SUP brothers who have recently joined their pioneer forebears on the other side of the veil.*

*Pioneer rejoices in the lives of these good men and extends its sympathies and good wishes to families and loved ones.*

Wilford Crockett  
Member at Large

J. Smith Decker  
Life Member

Ron Ericksen  
Timpanogos Chapter

Marius O. Evans  
Murray Chapter

Lorin Winslow Hurst  
Ogden Pioneer Chapter

Karl W. McBride  
Tooele Settlement Canyon

John McKinnon  
Timpanogos Chapter

John Marshall Russon  
Cotton Mission Chapter



## NEW MEMBERS

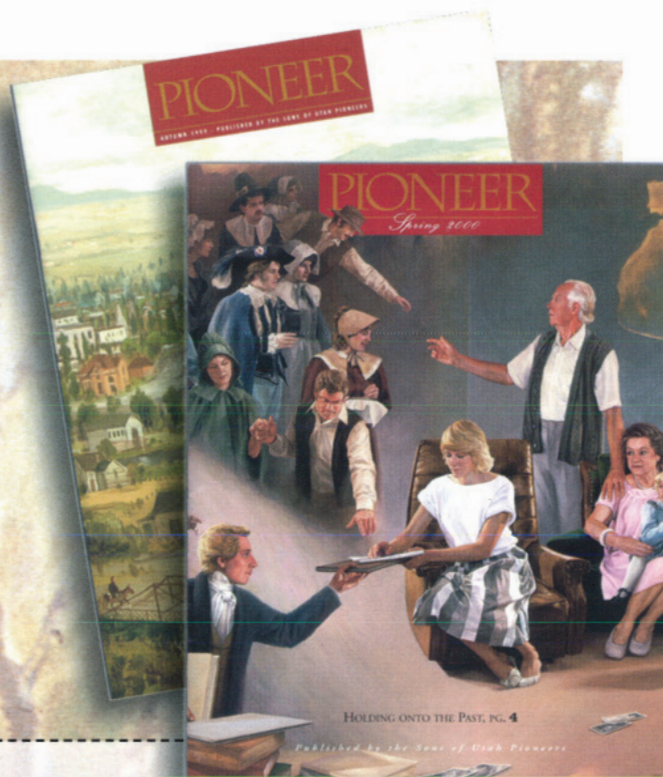
*Sons of Utah Pioneers welcomes the following men as new members of SUP.*

Ray D. Baadsgaard EMC  
Keith S. Callister SD  
Vincent Chiodo TP

Howard Clark Sierra  
S. Dennis Holland RR  
Arthus W. Judd RR

Melvyn T. Shelley Me  
Robert S. Welch SD

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Visit our website at: [www.sonsofuthapioneers.org](http://www.sonsofuthapioneers.org)



# LAUREN FAMILY HISTORY

**PIERRE LAUREN**  
 born 1 Apr 1849  
 Agincourt, Agincourt, Quebec  
 married 16 Jul 1874  
 Agincourt, Agincourt, Quebec  
 died 1 Aug 1917  
 Agincourt, Agincourt, Montserrat

**TOUSIAINT LAUREN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE GILBERT GOSSELIN LAFORTAINE**  
 born 1 Aug 1848  
 1. Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**DAVID LAUREN**  
 born 1 Jul 1848  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 16 Jul 1874  
 Agincourt, Agincourt, Quebec  
 died 1 Aug 1917  
 Agincourt, Agincourt, Montserrat

**JOSEPH LAUREN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**LUIS LAUREN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE AGLATHE DESNOYERS**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE LOUISE GRAYES**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE ANNE AMABLE LAMOREUX**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**LOUIS ANTOINE GOSSELIN LAFORTAINE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE ANNE SERGIAL**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**DESIREE FORDAIS COMPTON**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE CATHERINE PUELLE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**JOSEPH LAUREN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**FRANÇOIS BRAZENT**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**JOSEPH AMABLE LALONGUE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE MARGUERITE GALABREAU**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**CHARLES DESNOYERS**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**GENEVIEVE GABRIELLE BARET**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**JOSEPH GRAYES**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE ANNE VANDANNOUCE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**PIERRE LAUREN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MARGUERITE BRAZENT POMAINVILLE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**GABRIELLE GOSSELIN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**GENEVIEVE CREPEAU**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**LOUIS NORMANDIN BRATONVILLE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**VERONIQUE NICHES LAFORRE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**FRANÇOIS LAMOREUX**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE MARGUERITE ACHIN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**CLAUDE LAFORTAINE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE FRANÇOISE GOROUX**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**FRANÇOISE SERGIAL**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**CATHERINE THIBAUD**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**JOSEPH COMPTON**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MARGUERITE DUBREUIL CREPEAUVILLE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**CATHERINE PUELLE**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
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 married 20 Mar 1874  
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**MAIRIE JOSEPHINE BARET**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**JOSEPH LAMOREUX LORRAIN**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**AMÉLIE HENRIETTE**  
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 married 20 Mar 1874  
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 died after 1874

**MAIRIE JENNIFER BRAZENT**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**JEAN BRAZENT GALABREAU**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**DOROTHÉE LEROUX**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**CLAUDE VANDANNOUCE DESNOYERS**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

**MAIRIE DOROTHÉE CLAYTON**  
 born 18 Sep 1849  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 married 20 Mar 1874  
 Etchemin, Etchemin, Quebec  
 died after 1874

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